

# ALONG THE WAY TO MEETIN'.

Wondered if the world so wide had heard my heart a-beatin',  
Sally walkin' by my side along the way to meetin'?

Kept to time my every step—just keepin' time accordin',  
Satin' "There's no rest for you 'cept 'tater side of Jordan!"

Tried an' tried to say "the word,"  
With patientest endeavor—  
Word that might, or mightn't, make her heart my own forever;

But somehow, when it reached my lips,  
It seemed too much to utter,  
Till my poor heart a-keepin' up that everlastin' flutter!

Then shore my tribulation day—close by my side to view her—  
To pull the wild flowers by the way, an' then not give 'em to her!  
Till, sudden come this word from her—  
"Twin like a benediction!"

"Thinkin', John, this meetin' day you're under deep conviction!"

Then, I up an' told her all my heart,  
So sore afflicted;  
Loved her more than all the world—  
That's how I stood convicted!

Then, as close she come to me, with sweeter looks an' fonder,  
Read my shinin' titles clear to earth—an' over yonder!

Atlanta Constitution.

**FARMER DALE'S MISTAKE**

WAS on a wheeling tour and stopped for supper and all night at a forlorn-looking farmhouse. I was surprised to see no woman about, all the work being done by the owner of the place, Ezra Dale. After supper I lighted a pipe and sat on the porch smoking. Dale came and sat beside me.

"You have finished your evening chores early," I said. "When my wife is without a servant, she never gets the dishes washed before 9 o'clock."  
"Waal, ye see, I don't do it that way. I wash dishes once a week. Then I put 'em all on ter the wagon, drive 'em inter the creek, take a mop, an' when I get through they shine like pewter."

"Don't you think a wife would be handy? She could do your mending."  
"Don't need no wife. I got needles an' thread an' buttons. There's my kit." And he handed me a case containing the articles mentioned and no more.

"Where's your thimble?" I asked.  
"Don't need no thimble. I tried one once an' couldn't use it. It's handier to git the head of the needle ag'in the wall and drive it through that a-way."

"Did you never have a love affair?"  
"Yes, once. It was when I was a young feller—very young an' very green. I used to look on a gal as a beathen would look on a sacred image. There was a little one livin' across the creek. Farmer Owens' daughter Daisy. Purty? Ye bet, an' gentle as a kitten. She took a shine to me. I was a fair-lookin' young feller then, straight an' slim an' light on my feet. One evenin' I was a-passin' Farmer Owens', an' Daisy come runnin' out with her finger a-bledin' an' asked me ter tie it up fur her. I had ter git her arm under mine somehow, an' hold on ter her hand an' wrap the linen strip an' wind the string an' a lot of things all at the same time. While I was a-doin' of it her hair got ag'in my cheek, an'—waal, I lost my head an', turnin', put an arm around her an' kissed her."

"Do ye know, stranger, I've since made up my mind she done it all a-purpose. I b'lieve she cut her finger on'tentionally. I tell ye, women folks is tricky."

"I think that was a very nice feminine way of catching your attention," I remarked. "Go on."

"That's just what I did do. I went on from day ter day, week ter week, till it seemed ter me if anything happened between me an' that gal I'd collapse. Somethin' did happen. Farmer Owens tuk a farm han' fur the hayin', an' what did Daisy do but take him out in her buggy that her father bought fur her at Christmas an' drive right by that house a-purpose ter show him off ter me. I tell ye, stranger, she had the wickedest eye in her eye ever see."

"Another feminine trait," I observed.  
"Miss Daisy was evidently a woman."  
"She was a woman, stranger, an' the worst kind of a one." Dale went on indignantly. "She broke me all up. I just rented this farm ap' went away. I didn't come back fur ten years. Then I made up my mind that women folks wasn't wuth worryin' about, an' I tuk my farm ag'in an' began ter work it. The first time I went by Farmer Owens' Daisy come out—she had grown ter be a fine-lookin' young woman of 26—an' what do ye suppose she did?"

"I can't imagine."

"Asked me if I wouldn't tie up a cut finger. She had the same wicked look in her eye she had when she drove that lopsided farm han' by my house ten years afore. Women is the persistent critters I ever see. I just squared off an' said: 'Ye don't git me that a-way ag'in.' Ye done it once, an' that's enough." But, do ye know, stranger, she was so slick about it that in five minutes I had my arm about her an' she was a-restin' her head on my shoulder. She was a-cryin', too—cryin' crocodile tears, no doubt.

"Waal, we was engaged, but it didn't las' long. The question come up as ter whether we'd be married by a justice or a parson. I don't like parsons myself, an' I wanted a justice. Daisy wanted a parson, an' she was so blame set about it that I reckoned if she was as obstinate about a small matter like that she'd be wantin' ter run the farm."

# THE GREAT LAKES FISHERIES ARE OF VAST IMPORTANCE

THE conditions, which surround, the laws that govern, and the markets which deal with fishing on inland bodies of water, are constantly the subject of many changes. Many legislatures grapple with fish and game problems during each winter, and in the spring both pleasure-seekers and those who follow fishing as an industry must acquaint themselves with the new legislation if they are to avoid the clutches of the law. The Great Lakes furnish the world with the greatest amount of freshwater fish.

Last season there was no patrol boat on that most important fishing ground,

to be guided by an estimation of the miles they were from shore, based on the number of miles per hour which their fish tugs made.

Among the legislative measures effecting the fishing interests of Lake Erie during the last session of the Ohio Legislature, was the Guerin bill. According to this bill the tonnage tax on fish was reduced from 75 cents to 50 cents. The same bill contained many provisions looking toward a more stringent protection of Lake Erie fish, and it seems to have met with general approbation from the leading fishermen, the Fish Culture Commission having indorsed it.



A LIFT OF TROUT AND WHITEFISH WEIGHING A TON.

Lake Erie. In fact it is not very long since there was considerable opposition to the plan to build and operate one on account of the expense in connection therewith. The spring found the new patrol boat built by the State of Ohio ready for service, and the Canadian fishermen who have been trespassing on the United States side of the line had to look out. Fishermen believe that they have at last received justice in this matter. It will be re-



MICHIGAN STATE FISH HATCHERY.

membered that, while in the past the Canadian government constantly operated the tug Petrel in Lake Erie capturing the fishermen from across the water and confiscating their property when found slightly over in Canadian waters, the Canadian fishermen could not be thus watched. It will also be recalled that American fishermen could not accurately determine when they were over the middle line, they having

so I called the thing off, an' I've been livin' alone her ever since."

"Mr. Dale," I said, "you have mistaken natural feminine traits for general cussedness."

"That's what they is, I tell ye, stranger. Ye don't understand."

"You have declined to give up that which to a woman is a great deal, while to you it is nothing. Miss Owens was right to insist on being married by a parson, and you were ungenerous to refuse her. Now, let me give you a bit of advice. Miss Owens is still single? Yes. Well, go to her and tell her that when you first met her you were a blundering idiot and that later you were an obstinate brute. Say that if she will overlook your past errors you will spend your life in doing penance."

"Why, stranger, if I was ter do that I'd never have my own way about anything afterward."

"It is the only way to have your own way about everything with a woman. Toss it all into her hands, and she'll toss it right back to you. More than that, she'll expect you to lead, and if you don't lead she'll not respect you."

"Ye don't mean it! Say, stranger, what sort of a makeup do ye call that anyway?"

The next summer I rode past Farmer Dale's place. It was the trimmest-looking farm in the country. After supper the farmer told me how much better contented he was while Mrs. Dale was washing the dishes—Indianapolis Sun.

## VALUE OF SLEEP.

Ability to Rest One of Napoleon's Sources of Power.

One great secret of Napoleon's power was his ability to sleep. If he had but an hour for sleep he slept an hour, even though the fate of an army or of an empire hung in the balance while he slept. Gen. Grant was another great example of this ability to lay aside work at quitting time. Even in the Wilderness campaign, when the responsibility of the movements of the nation's armies, stretched out in battle line a thousand miles long, lay on his shoulders; when his good-night commands involved all-night marching and fighting of his army of the Potomac, and his waking orders might mean victory or defeat, the killing or the saving of a thousand men—under it all he lay down and dropped to sound sleep as quickly as you or I when we read ourselves sleepy over an old story book. Grant had what a great writer has called a "frictionless

mind." He saved for the wear of work what others throw away on the tear of worry.

Here is a sample of the other extreme. Said a Minneapolis lawyer to me to-day: "When I began the practice of law I always lost two nights before I had a case in court, tossing about and combating every thinkable standpoint of my opponent. And I lost as much sleep afterward upbraiding myself for not having thought of certain points at certain past occasions in the progress of the case." Of what value were these night thoughts to this young attorney? About as much value as night sweats to a consumptive! I venture to say that all the business planning a man does in life while lying on his back at night isn't worth an hour's good thinking on his feet on one June morning. As compared with the sleep it displaces, such night thinking isn't worth forty winks after dinner. Burning the candle at both ends sometimes makes a fine bonfire. But it always makes a bad grease spot of a good candle.—Commercial West.

## A Palatial Log Cabin.

On Warren's Island, off the coast of Maine, is being erected what is properly described as "a palatial log cabin." It is composed of spruce logs, and cost the tidy little sum of \$75,000. The entire island on which this summer palace is erected was purchased by the late William H. Folwell, of Philadelphia. Mr. Folwell died before the completion of the house. The work is now superintended by his son, William H. Folwell, Jr. Some idea of the size of the "cabin" may be gained from consideration of the fact that there are twenty-two sleeping rooms on the second floor.

## The Serious-Minded Jap.

A Japanese review recently invited its readers to name those European authors whose works they more especially appreciated. The following has been the result of the referendum, the authors coming out of the voting in the following order: Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Schopenhauer, Goethe and Tolstol.—London Globe.

A man is well enough trained by his wife if he passes the breast of the chicken to the preacher, and looks pleasant with the backbone on his own plate.

No one likes to be reminded that there is another side to the story.

## NEBRASKA RELIGIOUS FANATICS.

The "Figgiters" an Addition to the Various "Holiness" Societies.

Nebraska has added another to the various "holiness" societies with which the land is already overrun. The "Figgiters," as they call themselves, from the name of their leader, Louis Figg,



LOUIS FIGG.

are a lot of religious enthusiasts who have banded themselves together and live in a swamp near Gretna, not so very far from Omaha. People in their neighborhood have tarred and feathered the leaders, have threatened worse things, and have hauled them into court time and again with little result, except divorces. The Figgiters say the Holy Ghost watches over them and tells them what to do and assert that the whole world is not able to turn them from what they regard as their plain duty. They consider themselves to be the chosen of the Lord, and condemn all other persons and sects to everlasting damnation. In spite of the fact that the law is continually after them, the society is growing and may soon be compelled to seek larger quarters. They do absolutely nothing unless directed by the "voice," and consider themselves as being the very acme of perfection.

The Figgs lived at Gretna some years ago, and had money and a good home. What started them on this fanatically religious turn is not exactly known, but it is a fact that suddenly both Figg and his wife showed signs of the "spirit" and their house became the rendezvous of many impressionable women who developed into enthusiasts as great as the Figgs themselves. There were people in Gretna, however, who did not think much of their doings, and booted them out. A couple of years ago there was considerable whitecapping and after a dose of tar and feathers Figg gathered up his female adherents and fled to a swamp, where he built a rough shack, in which the crowd still lives. Strange to say, there are still found women enough to keep the colony in a state of healthy growth. They leave good homes to go with Figg to his miserable shanty, which contains but four rooms, two below and two upstairs, where they sing and shout and conduct their fanatical ceremonies with less regard for the proprieties than is called for in a strict interpretation of the rules of law and order. These four rooms are crowded always, no men being among the enthusiasts except Figg and his two grown sons.

The first principle of the Figg religion is regeneration by the Holy Ghost. When that is accomplished, the whole life of the devotee hangs on the "voice." The "voice," which is supposed to come from the Holy Spirit, directs every move of their daily lives, and whatever the "voice" directs them to do, is done without question.

The Figgiters believe that all creeds and forms of worship are wrong, as well as any set way of meeting. They have a way of working themselves into a high state of excitement, when the "voice" will command one of their number to go and stir up a meeting being held in some church near by. There is usually something doing of very warm character when the fanatic shows up and begins to denounce the congregation.

## NEW LOGGING METHODS.

Steam and Electric Machines Used to Haul Logs in Maine Forests.

A few years ago, when some one suggested an electric railway from Moosehead lake up the valley of the Alleghash river, in the very heart of the northern Maine woods, the project was ridiculed on every hand as impossible of execution in such a rough country, even if there would be any business for the road when it should have been constructed. Now, however, a trolley system is in successful operation in the Dead river region in the roughest part of Somerset County and is engaged in hauling heavy loads of spruce logs—a greater burden than any ordinary electric line has to carry, writes a Bangor correspondent of the New York Tribune.

The electric log-hauler is the invention of A. O. Lombard, of Waterville, who is a mechanical genius and has made a fortune from various inventions in the last ten years. Some years ago Mr. Lombard conceived the idea of building a steam log-hauler and made a careful investigation of the subject before he began work upon the machine that he had in mind. He found that more than fifty years ago a Maine man had built a steam log-hauler, but that it had failed to work on account of some manifest faults in its construction. This first steam log-hauler had a boiler and engine mounted upon a set of driving wheels five feet in diameter, with spikes in the rims of the wheels to prevent them from slipping, but when the machine was hitched to a load of logs the bearing of weight was on so small a portion of the rims that the wheels whirled around like those of a locomotive on a wet rail, while the spikes would dig so deeply into the snow that the machine would become stalled in hollows of its own making and be unable to move its own weight, not to speak of a load of logs.

To obviate this difficulty Mr. Lombard provided his machine with a sort of self-laying rail—a set of endless lags, carried on ball bearings—which, while preventing the wheels from digging into the snow, affords them a friction hold, giving traction power sufficient to draw loads of logs aggregating 60,000 feet. The forward end of the hauler is carried by a sled, to which is attached a pole. A pair of horses is

hitched to this pole and driven ahead to guide the machine, but the horses do no hauling.

## COUNTRESS IN MISFORTUNE.

Financial Reverses of Lady Dudley, a Noted English Beauty.

Reckless extravagance, which an income of \$500,000 a year could not satisfy, has led to the financial ruin of Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, who for a score of years has been considered one of England's most beautiful women. Lady Dudley has sold her magnificent home in London, which cost nearly \$200,000 to decorate, to J. Pierpont Morgan, and only a short time since was compelled to dispose of her famous jewels, their bringing \$450,000 at auction. Her husband, the late Earl of Dudley, who was insane, had a passion for beautiful jewelry, and at one time he had one of the finest collections of precious stones in the world. He was immensely wealthy, his income being about \$2,000,000 a year. His son, the present earl, fell heir to this vast estate, but squandered much of it in extravagant living. Lady Dudley had been a leader in Lon-



GEORGIANA, COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

don's exclusive society for many years, and there were many brilliant social functions at her home. When her son married, her income of \$500,000 was cut down to a tenth of that sum, not nearly enough to maintain her in the way she was accustomed to live. At one time it was said that she was engaged to marry Dr. Jameson, and there is no doubt that the late Cecil Rhodes once was a suitor for her hand.

## THAT WORD "LOAFER."

Question as to the Derivation Becoming Acute in London.

The question as to the derivation of that word "loafer," which Mr. Rhodes' will is likely to elevate from the slang dictionary, is already getting acute, says the London Chronicle. Despite "Notes and Queries," and the derivation, through Hans Breitmann, from "that lofer (lover) of yours always hanging around here," the word is Spanish, and, like galoot and others, came from Mexico, through Texas to the States. It is the Anglicized or Americanized form of gallofero, "an idle, lazy vagabond," passing, as any student of Bartlett knows, through gallofero, and giofero, to loafer, and ending up with the pretense of having something English or American about it, as "loafer," a man who has no casual connection with the loaf he does not earn. Of the loafer, Josh Billings has given in his "Almanax" a description which would have gone to Cecil Rhodes' heart, as of the type of man who was not to inherit Dalham, or any other property that was his, if he could help it: "The loafer is a thing who is willing to be despised for the privilege of abusing others. He occupies all grades in society, from the judge on the bench clear down to the ragged creature who leans against lamp posts and fights flies in August. He has no pride that is worthy and no delicacy

# OLD FAVORITES

## On the Shores of Tennessee.

"Move my armchair, faithful Pompey,  
In the sunshine, bright and strong.  
For this world is fading, Pompey—  
Massa won't be with you long;  
And I fain would hear the south wind  
Bring once more the sound to me  
Of the wavelets softly breaking  
On the shores of Tennessee."

"Mournful though the ripples murmur  
As they still the story tell,  
How no vessels float the banner  
That I've loved so long and well;  
I shall listen to their music,  
Dreaming that again I see  
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop  
Sailing up the Tennessee."

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting  
For Death's last dispatch to come,  
If that exiled starry banner  
Should come proudly sailing home,  
You shall greet it, slave no longer;  
Voice and hand shall both be free  
That shout and point to Union colors  
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey,  
But ole darkey's happy here,  
Where he's tended corn and cotton  
For dese many a long-gone year.  
Over yonder massa's sleeping—  
No one tends her grave like me;  
Mebbe she would miss the flowers  
She used to love in Tennessee."

"'Fears like she was watching massa;  
If Pompey should beside him stay  
Mebbe she'd remember better  
How for him she used to pray—  
Telling him that 'way up yonder  
White as snow his soul would be  
Ransomed by the Lord of heaven,  
Out of life in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling  
Down the poor old dusky face,  
As he stepped behind his master,  
In his long-accustomed place,  
Then a silence fell around them  
As they gazed on rock and tree,  
Pictured in the placid waters  
Of the rolling Tennessee."

Master dreaming of the battle,  
Where he fought by Marion's side,  
Where he hid the haughty Tadeo  
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;  
Man remembering how you sleeper  
Once he held upon his knee,  
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,  
Ralph Vervain, of Tennessee."

Still the south wind fondly lingers  
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;  
Still the bondman, close beside him,  
Stands behind the old armchair;  
With his dark-hued hand uplifted  
Shading eyes, he bends to see  
Where the woodland, boldly jutting  
Turns aside the Tennessee."

Thus he watches; cloud-born shadows  
Glide from tree to mountain crest;  
Softly creeping, eye and ear,  
To the river's yielding breast.  
Ha! above the foliage yonder  
Something flutters white and free!  
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!  
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,  
Help me stand on foot once more,  
That I may salute the colors  
As they pass my cabin door;  
Here's the paper signed that frees you—  
Give a freeman's shout with me!  
'God and Union' be our watchword  
Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter  
And the limbs refused to stand;  
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier  
Gilded to that better land.  
When the flag went down the river  
Man and master both were free,  
While the ring-dove's note was mingled  
With the rippling Tennessee.  
—Ethelinda E. Beers.

## All the News in the Head.

"I suppose our western country has furnished more funny things in the optaph line than all the rest of the world," remarked ex-Congressman Lafe Pence of Colorado at the Riggs House.

"I remember one that adorned the cemetery at Leadville in the palmy days of that great mining camp. It seems that in the course of a bar-room brawl one Jim O'Brien, a well-known character, had his existence terminated prematurely. He was a good fellow in the main and not without friends. One of the dead man's associates, in deep grief over his demise, erected a wooden slab over his grave on which he had written in large letters:

"Jim O'Brien departed for heaven at 9:30 a. m."

"A local humorist happened along soon afterward and appended the following:

"Heaven, 4:20 p. m., O'Brien not yet arrived. Intense excitement. The worst is feared."—Washington Post.

## Pet Words in Literature.

There are pet words in literature—words which become the fashion for a time and then take rank again in obscurity. Thus in the eighteenth century we find such words as "vastly," "bugely," "the quality," "genteel," etc. "Elegant" still lingers conspicuously in America and in England at the present time especial favor seems to be shown to "convincing," "weird" and "strenuous."

## The Camera in Business.

The camera promises to become as indispensable in business affairs as the typewriter. It is now being used in the reproduction of documents, statistical tables and others papers whose duplication by hand would be laborious and expensive.

It can usually be depended upon that a man who is long on hair is short on something else.